

## Homecoming

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## Homecoming

by [disguisedvictories](#)

### Summary

It's George and Dream's fifth year teaching at Celebration High School and another year of Homecoming Spirit Week has rolled in. The school thinks they're rival teachers, but behind closed doors, they're just two best friends that live together. Or are they?

(or teacher!dreamnotfound au because that Mr. Wastaken livestream destroyed me)

### Notes

Dream's teacher persona really said "I think you should write this" and I obeyed. Please enjoy nearly 10k of fluff feat. a little bit o'plot.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's his last class of the day, on a Friday, and as much as Dream would like to say that he doesn't watch the clock like his students do, there are just some habits you can't break. His eyes flicker to the white, plastic timepiece at the back of his room and hides a yawn behind his book as he continues reading from the passage he has open. *Five minutes.*

"He had one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life," his eyes flicker back to the clock. *One minute.* "It faces, or

seemed to face, the whole external world for an instant and then concentrated on you with an irresistible..." The two o'clock bell blares out of the overhead speaker and Dream drops *The Great Gatsby* on his desk. There's shuffling as books return to backpacks and water bottles return to desks from the floor, "Alright everyone, I'm not gonna hold you any longer because we didn't finish. Just remember to finish the five-hundred-word synopsis by Monday. Everyone also needs to be signed up for the bake sale *before* you leave!"

A few students have already managed to dart out the door, but most are still chatting with friends or at the back of the room jotting down the homework. "Monday is the first day of spirit week, *meaning* I expect to see everyone dressed as their favorite movie character," Dream waves goodbye to a few more students as he slides into place outside his door. He barks out a few 'stop running!' comments and is just about to comment on one student's lack of shoes when the teacher across the hall pipes up.

"James, we've told you multiple times, *shoes are required in the hallways*. I know you're going to swim practice, but come on mate, you're nearly there," George rolls his eyes. They don't make eye contact, they hardly ever do while there are students around unless it's to send a snarky remark to the other.

The thing is, George *isn't* Dream's rival, unbeknownst to his students and a good chunk of the faculty. He's actually one of his closest friends *and* roommate. The pair started at the school together nearly five years back, Dream as the resident Honors and AP Lit teacher to the juniors and seniors, George as the Statistics and AP Calculus teacher to the seniors. It started as a game at first – bickering like two best friends with a pleasant, joking tone and had slowly turned into a game of 'who can win the affection of the students faster?'

Their fake rivalry had continued ever since, and with the introduction of *Wish Wednesday* to Spirit Week the following year, George and Dream had never found a reason to stop.

When the hallways are finally empty, Dream returns to his classroom and works through his list of afternoon duties: rearranging desks, cleaning shelves, updating the whiteboard. He's nearly done with his last task when George appears, short and bouncing with energy, "Dre." He's already dressed to leave- gray sweatshirt covering his purple button up and briefcase slung over his left shoulder. Dream lifts an eyebrow and rolls his head to the right to look at his friend, "Are you ready to go? We have to stop at Publix on the way home and I'm starving. Quackity made me skip lunch and I swear to god..."

Dream returns back to his whiteboard, half-listening to George as he continues to ramble through his day. There's a soft pressure to his back and his chest clenches in a way that sends thrills down his spine – the feeling isn't new, but it's been one he's been avoiding thinking about for the last six months.

"Dream," George pleads, and when he looks at the brunette again, his large, doe-like expression catches a breath in Dream's throat. He chokes on his spit and his friend barks out a laugh, "Okay, enough EXPO inhaling for you. Can we go?"

"Yeah, let me just..." he looks to his desk for his bookbag, but George is already holding it up.

"I told you, I'm ready to go. I'll worry about fixing my room on Monday, let's get Publix Subs for dinner, I don't really feel like cooking," Dream hums and takes his bag, slings it over his shoulder, and locks his classroom behind them as they leave.

The walk to the faculty parking lot is short and George fills the space between them with more updates from his day, "My students rebelled on me, you know that? My last period decided they

just *weren't* gonna take the test. You know... the test I spent literally all last weekend working on? It's not even that *hard*, Dre.

"Oh, I'm sure it's not. But you're a pushover, so of course they're gonna get a few extra study days out of you if they can," Dream unlocks his car and pulls the door open for George- they share a look, just barely long enough for a breath to pass, before he's back to the driver's side and starting the car.

"I'm *not* a pushover. I just like to go easy on them sometimes. The first and second tests of the year can be hard to get a grip on *and* they've been working so hard on Wish Wednesday that it only felt *fair*, okay?" George has his phone in hand, casually clicking through his texts and social media notifications while Dream reverses the SUV out of its assigned spot. He shifts the car into drive with ease and props his right arm up on the center console, elbow brushing elbow with his passenger. George shoves his elbow gently back- the warm pressure is *nice*.

"I just think that someday you're gonna have to admit that you teach a boring ass subject to a bunch of overworked high school kids that just want a break," he taps his finger on his wheel to the beat of the music playing softly in the background.

"It's *not* boring. Might I remind you, you studied Stats in Uni up until like... your junior year, and you only changed because you realized..." his voice trails off. Dream quirks an eyebrow, wheezes out a laugh, and shakes his head.

"You wanna finish that sentence?"

George huffs out a soft *no*, but continues on, "Can't you drive any faster?"

"Nope," he pops the 'p' and reaches over to squeeze George's thigh, "You just have to be patient, Gogy. Publix is literally three lights away. You gotta stop letting Q distract you from eating, you're horrible when you're hungry." He doesn't pull away and tries not to notice the way George carefully places his hand over Dream's, soft fingers sliding over course knuckles.

"Look. It's not *my* fault I get hangry and Q has a different lunch hour than us sometimes. 'Sides, he needed help on some arrangements for next week's pep rally with the band and he wouldn't have time before after-hours practice today so I just..."

"Had to help?"

"Of course I had to help, I couldn't let his students *suffer* from Q's misgivings." Dream flicks his turn signal on and pulls into the parking lot, "Oh thank *god*, I swear if there's a line at the sub station, I will actually commit murder."

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There's a line at the sub station. There's *always* a line at the sub-station and Dream pushes George in the direction of the chip aisle with a soft, "go find us some chips and drinks- ice cream too. I'll get the subs." The brunette has his mouth open to protest, but Dream ushers him to the opposite side of the store with a promise to get his order right- not that he needed to be reminded, that is. *Of course* Dream knows his best friend's sub order.

It doesn't take long to get the sandwiches and within twenty minutes, they're back at their shared two-bedroom apartment. It'd been a hellish few weeks with the pair of them moving from their

place across town to a newer, upgraded complex only ten minutes away from the school. Boxes are still scattered about their apartment and half of Dream's library is spilling out of a box on the floor.

It's chaotic and overwhelming, but it feels more like home than any place they'd lived in – new furniture and new plates that they'd chosen together from *HomeGoods*, their two cats tucked around each other on the massive cat tree in the corner let out two miss-matched meows at their arrival. Dream takes a breath, drops his bag on the floor, and settles into the couch. *Home*.

George is next to him in minutes, paper plates in one hand, Publix shopping bag in the other. Their dining room table is somewhere in the other room under a stack of papers to be graded and *more* books that need to be added to Dream's bookshelves, "Don't feed Cat anything, the last time he had people food from our subs, I spent the next day cleaning up after him."

"Pretty sure you were the one that fed him, G," Dream unrolls his sub and takes a bite; in all the years he'd been eating subs from Publix, they'd *always* tasted the same. It was like his childhood in each mouthful.

"It was not!"

"Alright, whatever you say," their TV is still unplugged and shoved in a corner on the floor, so they eat in silence and play with the cats once they've finished.

"We should finish unpacking," George eventually comments, but he's half laying on Dream's lap and his eyes look doozy under the lighting that spills into the living room from the kitchen. He threads a hand through George's thick hair, pulls it back to trace his pinky up and down the little widow's peak hidden behind his bangs.

"You really wanna get up and unpack right now?" Patches hops up and settles herself in the center of George's stomach, "Let's just... plan to do it tomorrow instead." Cat, not one for being left out, leaps from the tree to snuggle into Dream's side, his little paws kneading gently at his jean-clad thigh.

"Mmm, okay," George scratches at the spot between Patches ears, and even from this distance, Dream can still hear the way she purrs happily at the action. It's quiet and his roommate has already slipped into a gentle state of sleep when Dream eventually lets himself slip under, too. One hand still in George's hair and the other tangled with his hand. When they wake, neither of them comment on how they'd rather be sleeping in the same bed when they retire to their own rooms.

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"You are not *really* going dressed as Harry Potter *again*, are you?" Dream catches the swirl of black fabric out of the corner of his eye when George rushes from his room to the spare bathroom. It's only 5:30 in the morning, the coffee is brewing, and the cats are with their respective owners. He can hear the crinkle of paper as George packs their lunches while Dream pulls his button-down from his closet, hair still dripping from his shower. Their routine had been set years ago – George showers in the evening, makes their lunches and feeds the cats while Dream prepares the coffee, showers in the morning, and cleans the litterboxes.

"What do you mean *again*? Of course, I am! This is an *annual* costume I can only wear to work *once* the entire year. I can't just show up to Movie Magic Monday *not* representing *the* best

character to have ever existed,” George appears behind him, coke bottle glasses perched on his nose, pink lipliner in hand, “Help me? You know I can’t draw the lightning bolt backward.”

Dream slips his muted gray shirt over his shoulders and takes the pencil from his roommate. He holds his face still as he carefully sketches a bolt above his right eyebrow while George slowly works each button through its hole on Dream’s shirt. They’re silent, but each brush of a cold finger to his stomach makes him tense. Once he’s done, he caps the pencil, “There, spitting image of Mr. Potter, himself.”

There’s a fond expression trapped in George’s eyes as he glances between them in the mirror – eyes bouncing between his own and Dream’s as the blonde tries to knot the thin, yellow tie he’d bought just for Movie Monday through the loop he’d made, “you’re tying that wrong. Let me fix it.”

Patches jumps on the counter, lets out a desperate meow, and flops into the sink, “Such a weird cat.” Dream scratches behind her ears, her tail flicking happily as she slips into a trancelike state. He tries not to notice the way George’s fingers linger a little longer on his shirt collar as he fixes it when the tie is seated correctly against his chest.

“I should’ve known you’d go as Jay Gatsby,” He helps Dream into the cream-colored suitcoat and slips his father’s cufflinks into their holes.

“You know I always go with whatever we’re reading that week. Let’s be honest- my *Scarlet Letter* outfit from last year was *amazing*,” Dream wets his hands, mixes a touch of mousse with it, and carefully swoops his hair to resemble the style DiCaprio had sported in the movie.

“I guess we’re both predictable, huh?” George leaves Dream in the bathroom without another word, a giggle trailing after him as he goes.

He watches his best friend through the mirror - even after all this time, he’s never grown tired of George. The little things- the way he somehow just *knows* how to cook food (most foods, that is – they refuse to talk about the olive rice incident of 2018), or how he can always find their cats, even when they don’t want to be found. The way he knows Dream’s coffee order- down to the perfect amount of milk that he likes stirred into his drink with a half a spoon of sugar or that it must *always* be iced. The way he always starts the car before Dream to make sure it’s cool enough and the windows are defrosted from the irritating humidity in the early morning because he knows it makes Dream spiral.

George hums along to a tune in his head – it sounds something like *Drops of Jupiter* by Train and it’ll likely be the only thing Dream can think of for the rest of the day. The sound is soft and sweet, on tune and floating in circles around his head as he finally exits the bathroom. George hands him his coffee- iced and in his favorite Disney World tumbler, “Started the car already, Dre. I think we’re good to go?”

It’s quiet mornings like this that Dream loves most – ones that gives him the gift of a soft, dopey smile from his best friend – from the man he’s *definitely* fallen in love with. He snags his bag from the table and their sack lunches from the fridge.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

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Spirit week *always* seems to move quickly, so it comes as no surprise when Dream all but blinks and he's already sliding into the teacher's lounge at lunch to meet with his friends. He spots Sapnap first – dressed in a baby blue sweatshirt tied tight around his head with a pair of pitch-black sunglasses covering his eyes. There's a paper pinned to his shirt that reads ‘ *She doesn't even go here!*’ Dream holds back a laugh- he'd always known *Mean Girls* had been one of the P.E. teacher's favorite movies, but now his suspicions had been confirmed.

Dream gives his friend a gentle whack on the back of his head as he sits down and Sapnap mutters a soft ‘ow!’ in response. He shoves Dream when the blonde finally takes a seat, only doing enough to knock his shoulder into George's next to him.

Across from him are Karl, who's dressed as a Goodwill version of Marty McFly, and Quackity, who's dressed as Ace Ventura- clad in a fluffy pink tutu. The five men had been friends for years, and although George and Dream had been employed at the school the longest, the three other men had meshed so well with their dynamic that their little family had grown from two to five in just two short years.

“Stop lying!” Quackity hollers – the sound jumps off the windows. As per usual, the five of them are the only ones in the lounge. No one had officially confirmed it, but Dream was *certain* that the other teachers took their lunches in a different room to avoid the noise the five often produced.

“I'm *not* lying!” A puff of Cheeto powder flies out of Sapnap's mouth and Dream pulls a face – both disgusted and surprised at how far it goes when the dust settles in the middle of the table.

George unrolls his lunch sack and pulls out little baggie after little baggie of food – they'd been trying to eat healthier lately, so their lunch is filled with fruits and veggies, a ham sandwich, a small bag of chips, and an Oreo.

“You did *not* take fifteen shots of fireball last night, Sapnap, that's *unrealistic*,” George quips, fingers plucking apart a strand of grapes. Dream leans over and glances at his spread; he eyes the single Oreo with peaked interest and tries to sneak it from George. A hand catches his wrist and his friend's voice drops to a hushed whisper, “Touch my Oreo and you *die*. You know you have your *own* food, right? Just because I make the lunches doesn't mean you get double helpings. Why do we always have to have this discussion?”

Dream rolls his eyes but unfolds his brown lunch sack and pulls out an identical spread – except he's got three Oreos instead of one. He glances at the man next to him who mouths *you're welcome*. A smile splits across the blonde's face, but he still snags a grape from George's lunch and pops it into his mouth. There's no comeback, but he's gifted the beauty of an eye roll.

“I *absolutely* did! You can ask Karl! He was there!” Sapnap slams his fist down on the table and Dream jumps, pulled from his little world of *George*.

“If you had, I'm *certain* you would be in the hospital by now,” Quackity has all but returned back to his pile of sheet music in front of him, casually flipping through page after page of selections in an attempt to decide on a song for some show in the future.

“I was in Sigma Chi in college, dude. My liver is *basically* invincible.”

“Okay wait, can we just talk about how he's *bragging* about taking fifteen shots of *Fireball*? Not only is that like, not impressive, but you couldn't have had *anything* else to take shots of instead?” Quackity's voice cracks as he looks up from his stack of papers, “That shit's nasty, man.”

“ *It was all we had!*” Sapnap's voice rises and Dream nudges him under the table with his foot.

They had the lounge to themselves, but classes *were* in session and they at least needed to be *somewhat* tame.

“It’s called maybe leaving your house to go grocery shopping every once and a while,” George responds and slides a few extra carrots in Dream’s direction. His stomach growls – likely from the lack of breakfast that morning – and he pops one of the carrots into his mouth.

“I feel like drinking that much fireball and then going to the gym the next day is just *asking* for you to end up puking all over the bench press,” Karl leans back in his chair and pops an M&M into his mouth, “Seriously, I dunno how you do it. The fact that you’re the gym teacher and you spend your weekends shit faced is *beyond* me.”

“Karl, you were literally there,” Sapnap takes a bite of his peanut butter and jelly sandwich – the sunglasses starting to make *more* sense as to why he’d chosen his costume in the first place, “in fact, I’m pretty sure you were in a worse state than me.”

“I plead the fifth, *but* I’m not the one wearing pitch-black sunglasses *inside* a building.” A smirk slides across Karl’s face – he knows he’s won.

“You can’t do that *every* time we say something just because you teach Government, Jacobs, although, you do have a point about the glasses,” Dream snaps, finally pulling the three men’s attention from the conversation. He’s inches from pulling the glasses from Sapnap’s face when the three turn to look at him.

“He speaks!” Quackity flicks a leftover orange peel in Dream’s direction, “Now that we’ve all agreed Sapnap is dumb as *fuck*,” a honk of a laugh rips its way through Karl’s throat, “how do y’all feel about going to the beach this weekend? The rents finally offered to let me take the beach house for the weekend since they’re headed back up to Maine for a few weeks.”

Dream thinks of soft, hot sand between his toes and the searing sun on his shoulders – it’d been *months* since he’d last seen the ocean. He and George were supposed to finish unpacking this weekend – but the thought of pale skin and blue waters stops his train of thought.

“Sounds fun,” George quips, a smile on his face as he munches on a carrot, “we were supposed to finish unpacking but the beach sounds like a better option. Right, Dream?”

He tries not to think about George without a shirt and how badly he wants to scoop the Brit up and force him into the ocean, his sweet laughter filling the air as he tries to escape the cold water. Dream tries not to think of soft, wet skin, the weightlessness of the ocean, and how easy it’d be to let George’s legs wrap around his waist so that they could be in their own little bubble.

“Yeah, sounds like fun. We’ll bring the alcohol – consider it a thank you gift for helping us move a few weeks ago,” Dream knocks his shoulder into George’s as he hands him one of prized Oreos. “Take my third,” he whispers, “Only fair that we’re equal.” George rolls his eyes but still takes the cookie and twists it apart. Dream has to force himself not to watch the way his tongue looks like *sin* as he licks the cream from the center.

“Cool, I’ll let my rents know.” He ignores the looks from Karl and Sapnap- ignores the way they notice George’s chair just a *touch* closer to his own and the waggling eyebrows when George speaks for both of them. He ignores the way they share a look when he and George hang back in the teacher’s lounge for their free period.

They grade papers together. Like they do every Monday.

George keeps his thigh pressed to Dream's the entire time and Dream tries to think about anything other than the way George chews on the end of his pen as he runs calculations through his head.

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Twin Tuesday is by far Dream's *least* favorite spirit day. He always ends up getting paired with the other Literature teacher, Ethel, in the room next to his own. Dream knows she has a secret vendetta against him (it's probably because he's the favorite Lit teacher) because she *always* finds a way to pick the *worst* characters to dress as. This year is no different – she really took Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum to a new level – high waisted, bright red pants and all.

Dream pulls at the collar of his yellow shirt and is just about to yank the bowtie loose from where it's tied tightly to his neck when there's a knock at his door. His eighth period – the saints that they are – don't make a peep at the sound. Arguably his favorite class, Dream makes sure to give them a half-hour of quiet time each day to unwind from their previous classes, work on homework, and take a break. It'd been the one thing he'd loved in high school and the most impacting thing he'd learned about being a teacher was to simply *care* about his students' mental health first. He'd gained a lot of trust over the years from it.

The door opens and Katie – a senior in George's AP Calc class – slips through the door with a smile, "Hi Mr. D!" He'd had her as a junior the previous year – she'd been such a great student that she still popped in to say hello every few days *just because*.

"Hey Katie, what's up?"

She waves at a few of her friends in the back of his class and hands Dream a note, "It's from Mr. George – he said something about wanting to make sure you knew you were gonna get absolutely *annihilated* by our class tomorrow." The class stirs at that comment and Dream rolls his eyes to himself – *George. Such a shit starter.*

There's a hushed sound of 'ooooh' when the girl hands him the folded slip of paper, "Calm down, calm down. Class just started, guys – you still have a half-hour before we break to start on stuff for tomorrow. I'm pretty sure some of you still have yet to turn in your summaries." He unfolds the letter.

*Dream. Miss you.*

*My class wanted me to send you a threatening letter about how you're going down tomorrow.*

*Sooooo... prepare to get your ass kicked! I'm not feeling very threatening today, so that's all I've got. Saving my A game for tomorrow!*

*BTW your Tweedle Dum ass looks stupid. Someday you'll stop being crypt keeper Ethel's twin-day partner and will be mine instead!!!*

xxx Gogy



Dream's thumb traces the three X's as he bites back a smile, "Okay, statement redacted. No study time today. The other class *actually* thinks they're going to beat us. George might've gotten it for the last two years, but this year? It's our turn. Homework away – we've got a lot left to do for tomorrow." The squeal of chairs is immediate, desks get pushed to the side of the room and craft supplies get pulled from cabinets.

"Katie, one sec, and I'll send one back, okay?" The student smiles and tries not to focus on the chaos around her.

*Gogy. Miss you too.*

*Homemade pizza tonight?*

*Your dirty talk was hawt. I'm going down tomorrow? Why don't I go down tonight instead? ; )*

*Volunteer to be my twin next time if ur so jealous. This bowtie is itchy. : (*

*See u soon.*

*xxx Dre*

Dream stares at the letter and tries to decide if it's *too* far, but folds it up and hands it to Katie – the image of George's bright pink flush on his cheeks is the only thing that gets him through the rest of the hour.

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"Be careful," George says, voice distant from where he stands in the kitchen. He rolls his eyes, body half under the TV stand as he connects one plug to the next for their gaming consoles and cable box. The TV flickers to life above him, a faint buzzing indicating that the electricity in the plug *is* working.

"Aha! See, I told you the breaker just needed to be flipped. Stupid Florida storms always fuck everything up," Dream pushes himself back and sits up. He flips through a few channels before eventually deciding on *National Geographic* .

"Yes, Dream. Pretty sure we both knew that," George scoops two cups of sugar into the red KitchenAid in front of him, eyes flickering between the cake batter he's got spinning in the mixer and the fine layer of cat hair attached to Dream's black hoody. "Don't you dare come over here unless you change or lint roll yourself. We need a Roomba or something."

He pouts but peels off his sweatshirt and returns in a clean white shirt, "Or we just need the cats to stop shedding." Dream is already scrolling Amazon as he steps into the kitchen – he'll have the vacuum ordered by the time they head to bed. "Can I help?"

"Wow, finally wanna make yourself useful?" The corner of George's lip pulls upwards, ever so slightly – he's holding back a smile and Dream can't stop himself from laughing.

"You couldn't be mean to me if you *tried*. Besides, I know how you get when you can't watch the

news in the morning,” Dream says while he flips on the water at the sink and washes his hands, “I hope you aren’t expecting me to do the dry stuff *again*.”

“Of course I am,” His roommate adds a bit of vanilla to the batter and turns up the speed by a notch, “It’s like a tradition at this point.”

“It’s not a tradition, you just don’t trust me with the wet mix,” Dream grabs the flour from the cabinet and begins carefully measuring a few cups into a large mixing bowl.

“Only *you* would mix up the salt and the sugar and think two cups of salt was the correct measurement.”

“I’m sure plenty of people have done it!”

“*Two Cups*. Two cups. How is that even possible?”

“Look, maybe I was having a bad day, alright?” Dream takes a pinch of salt and sprinkles it around the flour.

“Or maybe you’re really just showing your true colors with that blonde hair of yours,” he snorts a laugh – an obnoxious thing that gets both cats to look in their direction.

“Oh, very cool. We’re making blonde jokes now.” They break into a fit of giggles – one laugh egging on the other until they’re nearly in tears. Dream adds the dry mix to the bowl as carefully as he can, but as traditions go, a flume of it flies upwards and directly into the blonde’s face.

“*How*,” George shakes his head, his laughter shaking his shoulders, “Do you always do this?”

“Talent.”

“Shut up, come here,” the mixer spins and spins while George pulls Dream to the sink. He carefully wipes his face with a damp towel until he’s clean again. “There, you almost look human.”

Time slows. George runs the damp towel down Dream’s cheek again, slow and careful. They both know there’s nothing there - it’d barely been any flour that had come up - but the space between them is so little that neither of them feels like moving. Dream catches the brunette’s wrist in his hand, turns his head, and kisses the soft skin at his pulse.

“Thank you,” his lips ghost across the spot.

“I should stop the mixer,” George’s eyes are narrowed in on the place on his wrist where Dream’s lips were, “I don’t wanna overmix the batter. Mum would kill me if she knew I messed up her recipe like that.”

“Oh yes, can’t let mum find out,” he steps to the side to let the brunette pass, fingers catching those of his roommate’s as he presses by. “You’re gonna let me try it before we bake them, right?”

George turns his head to smile at Dream, a spoonful of the batter already in his hand, “I hope you know I don’t condone this. You’re going to get Salmonella poisoning and I’m going to have to be the one that calls the hospital.”

“You say that *every* year, but yet here I am.” He licks the batter off and moans at the taste – sweet, chocolatey, the same as every year. Still laced with memories.

“Yet here you are,” they share a look – one that neither of them can place but there’s a weight that wasn’t there before. A ghost of a kiss on a wrist and so many unsaid words between them.

The cakes bake slowly. Dream starts on the dishes as soon as George is out of the way. Their routines are set – their routines are *good*. He *likes* this one – post-dinner, George half asleep, grading papers in the living room with a cat on his lap, the tv muddled in the background. Dream, a mountain of dirty dishes, a sink filled with hot, bubbly water, and nothing but him and his brain to think through the day.

This day is no different, except they haven’t had dinner and George is working on organizing one of Dream’s bookshelves in the living room. *National Geographic* is playing a documentary about camels and George comments every few minutes about something new he learns. Their cats are curled around each other – soulmates that stick together every moment they can. Rain comes down hard outside, nailing the window while the wind whips by.

Something still feels different, even if the routine isn’t that different. His eyes glance towards the short man in the living room. George looks so soft, dressed in a pair of black joggers and a shirt that’s two sizes too big - *it’s probably mine*. Glasses, not seen this early in the evening too often, slip down his nose every few minutes and the brunette makes a show of shoving them back into place every time he bends down to put a book on a lower shelf.

Tonight feels different. *Domestic*. Dream smiles to himself – old routines, new feelings.

“Hey, space cadet,” George slides a hand through his brown hair – it’s at that point where Dream knows he’s going to cut it, even if it looks *good* this long, “Where have you gone? Did you hear me? Do you want some help?” He’s already got a tea towel thrown over his shoulder, “Hand me the clean ones, I’ll dry.” He hands him a clean dish and returns back to the soapy water, “You okay?”

“Hmm?”

George bites his lip and narrows his eyes a touch – the face he pulls whenever he doesn’t believe Dream. Truthfully, no one knows him the way his best friend knows him. At this point, they’d been friends for so long that Dream *can’t* remember a time when George wasn’t a solid part of his life. They’d met in college on George’s foreign exchange program and had been roommates when Dream had done *his* own program in the UK.

He tosses the towel on the counter and turns towards Dream, “Dream,” George touches his cheek with the palm of his hand, “Are you alright?”

The blonde can’t hold back the smile that blooms on his face – soft and big and dopey. He pushes his cheek into George’s touch and murmurs, “Completely, perfectly, incandescently *happy*.”

They’re close - so close - just a breath apart and he just wants to close the gap between their lips - to feel those soft lips against his own. There’s a shift in the air between them, it feels like the world turning on its axis, forcing their bodies closer, gravitating towards one another so naturally that any space would feel *wrong*.

George leans up on his tiptoes, their eyes dancing from one to the other as Dream slides his arms around his waist. His shirt is soft like butter on his fingers and his skin is warm and real and *solid* underneath. George’s fingers trace the skin just on the outside of the collar of Dream’s shirt, like ice against burning fire.

*Bang*. A flash of light. Three beeps signal the WIFI has gone out and the oven switches off from

the loss of power. The sound of nails on hardwood echoes through the room as the cats scatter to two separate hiding spots. They pull apart in surprise, ripped from their moment.

George returns to his bedroom for a candle and Dream mutters softly, so that only he can hear, “I fuckin’ hate Florida sometimes.”

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*Tap. Tap. Tap.* The microphone squeals to life when Principal Soot steps up. It crackles a few times until the student body simmers into a low murmur, “Good afternoon, Celebration High School! I hope you all are having an excellent spirit week so far!” There’s a slight cheer that runs through the crowd – the seniors are buzzing with energy and from where Dream is standing, he can see his class bouncing on their heels to get started.

“Welcome to the fourth annual *Wish Wednesday!* Every year, you each come out and show your support for Make-A-Wish, and each year, we get to award the best-selling team with a truly exciting prize. We’ve kept the prize a secret this time, but I think it’s going to be something you’re really excited for,” Principal Soot flips through a stack of cards in his hands, “The annual Wish Bakesale is something we all look forward to – and although Mr. George’s class seems to know the finer workings of making a sale, I have no doubt that the rest of the teams will really challenge his AP Calc class.

“In five minutes, we’ll ring the bell to begin the bake sale. The event runs for two hours, and when the last second ticks by, we’ll start tallying up the money made. The team with the highest number of sales will be deemed the winner and awarded the first-place prize! Do you want to know what that is?” A roar of excitement echoes through the senior parking lot, “We’ve been extremely fortunate to be able to gift a one-night stay and two-day park hopper ticket to *Walt Disney World* for each student on the winning team!”

The crowd lights up with excitement – there’s whoops and cheers and demands of ‘*start the clock!*’ From across the courtyard, George catches Dream’s eye. He waves a teasing, challenging fist in the air while his secret smile slips into place – the one hidden for Dream and Dream alone.

He’s so caught up in George’s confidence as he walks around his booth, helping his students prep, that he nearly misses the sound of the starting bell.

“*Mister D! Pay attention!*” He’s ripped from his fantasies by the voice of his student. *Fuck.*

Their booth is beautiful – decked head to toe in a visual, literary masterpiece. The kids had chosen the display from a selection of ten books he’d offered – to his surprise, they’d chosen *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*. They’d spent weeks building the props - a life-sized lamp post, a matching Mr. Tumnus and Lucy to go along with it. Their table was covered with a spread of perfectly themed offerings from Edmund’s Turkish Delights to Susan’s Cream Horns. The students had piled on fake snow and glitter; Dream had rented a fake snow machine just for the event. Their booth was beautiful – truly a piece of art – and the students were working hard to get sales. He’d seen a lot of new faces, students and teachers and parents that typically avoided his table altogether were suddenly fascinated with the display and captivated by the selection of offerings.

There are moments in every teacher’s career when they sit back and ask themselves if they’re doing the right thing - if they’re in the right career field. Wish Wednesday is the annual reminder

that he's made the right choice, for if nothing else, seeing his students alive with passion and *happiness* means he's doing something right.

They rush him with a hug when the final bell rings – their table is completely sold out and Dream couldn't be prouder than he is at that moment.

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They raise two thousand and three dollars – it sets a new record for the school and for one singular class. His class surprises him with a blast of three bottles of sparkling grape juice and although he goes home sticky, wet, and tired – Dream is *happy*.

George huffs from the other room, a soft pout on his face, “You didn't even do anything special! It was just a fancy display! No math or any calculations or anything – we built a mechanism that literally *delivers* treats on a conveyer belt. How did we lose?”

Dream pokes his head out from his room, fresh out of a shower and finally in dry, comfortable clothes. His feet ache and his back hurts but *god*, he feels good. It's like a high he's never been able to chase.

“Don't be bitter that you lost,” Dream chuckles, low and teasing, “You'll get 'em next year, tiger.”

“You won by *three dollars*, Dream. *Three!* How is that fair?” His roommate huffs out another puff of air. He can *hear* George roll his eyes from the next room.

“Keep huffing like that and I'll have to start calling you by your real name – the big, bad wolf,” George snaps out another ‘*Dream! Stop it!*’ muffled only by the shirt he's been working on getting over his head for the past three minutes.

“My class did great; you have to admit that, Gogy. They literally made like an entire show of the thing. Did you *see* our decorations? It was movie grade work!” He props himself up against George's doorframe and watches as the man slowly gets more and more frustrated. He lets out a disgruntled cry and slumps over, arms in an awkward and uncomfortable position above him. “Come here. What are you doing?” Dream's voice is gentle – George had always been *somewhat* of a sore loser and he'd dealt with his dramatics plenty of times in the past.

“Just... leave me alone,” George grunts but he ignores his request, instead opting to carefully untangle his roommate until his shirt lays in a crumpled pile on the ground.

“Since when did you become such a sore loser?”

“*Really?* Dream, you literally *cried* last year when you lost and tried to prove that you'd *still* won for weeks afterwards with statistics that didn't make sense. Shut up. And I could've gotten myself untangled.” He narrows his eyes and kicks his shirt to the side, “I'm just sad for the kids, they made a *machine* and they just... feel punked by getting beaten by a bunch of lit kids.”

“Yeah, and my kids are stoked because they put effort into their work and it killed.”

“I know, it was pretty cool, huh?” George smiles, “Where did you find a look-alike white witch?” The tension between them slips away, “It was pretty cool seeing her ride up on a freakin' chariot in the middle of a bake sale.” The brunette busies himself with his room; he plucks the shirt from the floor and tosses it into his hamper, gathers a few of his shoes and tosses them in the closet.

“Mom is friends with one of the old actresses from Disney – just worked out,” he grabs George’s wrist as the shorter man walks past, pulling him to a stop. “Hey, take a chill pill, yeah? You’re exhausting me.”

They’re close- so, so close. From where Dream is standing, he can smell the blue jolly rancher George had slipped into his mouth on their car ride home. His lips are slightly blue, just in the middle where they touch, and he’s already sporting a subtle 5 o’clock shadow splattered across his jaw unevenly. He’s still shirtless, Dream notes, as his eyes trail down the long line of his neck and get caught in the little pools his collarbones make every time George shifts. He thinks about this weekend and the strawberry vodka he could drink from those spots – the way he could *lick* and *suck* and *nibble* little marks in the most tender spots.

Dream chews on his lower lip, unsure why *now*, of all the times he’s seen George shirtless, he can’t take his eyes off the way his muscles move as he shifts nervously or the way the warm, yellow light from the lamp on his bedside table makes George *glow*.

“Dream?”

His eyes flicker up to the pretty brown ones he’s known - he’s loved - for so, so long, “Sorry.”

The air does that thing again – where it empties of all oxygen, sucks the breath out of Dream’s lungs, and fills the air with a spark of electricity, “I don’t think I’ve ever heard *that* phrase come from you.” It’s a teasing jab, Dream knows that, and he loves the way George’s left eyebrow shoots upwards as he laughs.

“Funny,” he can usually find ways to fill the void of silence with words – Dream always has *something* to ramble about when it’s just the two of them. Except George looks so *soft* where he’s standing a foot from him, warm and real and *right in front of him*. He’d been avoiding this sight for weeks – glancing away whenever he could, staying in his room longer to avoid seeing George half undressed and so, so handsome that it physically *hurts* Dream to look anywhere else.

“Didn’t think the man with an endless vocabulary would suddenly be at a loss for words for no reason.”

“It’s not no reason.”

“Good grammar.” George smirks, “Here I thought *you* were the one with the Lit degree.” His confidence is hardly ever shocking anymore, and it’s typically something he can *always* expect, but as he slides a hand up Dream’s arm and loops it around his neck, subtly pulling the taller man closer, he forgets how to breathe.

“Well...”

“Do you think you’ll ever just *shut up* and just... I dunno,” his smile transforms into a smirk – teasing and *challenging*, “Make a move?”

“You...” Dream hesitates, *sure* he *could* make a move, but what if it’s not the *right* move? “I...”

“Oh my *god*, Dream. You’re so fucking *annoying*. ” Cold fingers slide into his hair and suddenly he’s being pulled down. He has only a moment to think before lips clash into his messily – sloppily. Their teeth clank against each other and they both giggle like two middle school kids that are just learning how to kiss . Dream grows bolder, pushes the thought out of his head, and thinks *I’ll be damned if I fuck up the one chance I have to properly kiss you*.

He slows them down, cups George’s cheek with his right hand to still him, and slips a steady hand

around his waist to pull him flush against his body. They take a breath but don't pull too far apart – they relish in the moment of *figuring it out* together before finally meeting in the middle once more. George's lips are *soft* and pliant - they move with practiced ease against his own.

He's certain he's making it up, but he swears there are fireworks behind his eyes when the brunette pulls him closer, loops his hands in his hair, and *yanks* with an eagerness that Dream feels in the pit of his stomach every time he sees George.

Dream scoops him up, just enough so that the other man can wrap his legs around his waist as he backs them against the wall. George *melts* in his arms and lets out a little breathy moan when Dream moves his lips to his neck. He nibbles at the tender skin until he finds a spot just at the base of George's throat that has him *gasping*, back-arching, a soft, sweet, “*Dream*” slipping past his lips in surprise.

He mouths a trail of kisses up his neck, pauses just at the spot behind his ear, and murmurs a soft, “Tell me what you want.”

It's not a question – Dream doesn't intend for it to be a question and George knows that. Their bodies respond to each other as they shift, as Dream slowly places George back on the ground while the brunette comes back to earth. His lips are red and blue and love bitten, his eyes are blown wide and his hair is in places Dream has only seen in his fantasies.

“You,” A sly smile slips across George's face as he walks them backward, the back of Dream's knees hitting the edge of the bed first, “Just you.”

Dream wakes up to a mouthful of George's hair, his arms wrapped tight around a warm body, and two cats tucked behind his legs.

Dream wakes up happy.

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“I hate throwback Thursday,” George chimes as they walk down the empty halls to their classrooms, fingers laced together. He runs a thumb over the back of Dream's hand, “Like- I get it, it's a classic, but I'm so tired of wearing this.”

He looks hot, and he *knows* he looks hot because Dream had only told him *fifteen* times since they'd gotten up. George is dressed in a pair of tight, black skinny jeans paired with one of Dream's vintage band shirts from his dad's closet. He had perfectly winged eyeliner earlier that morning, but their unexpected *rendezvous* in his car at a park down the road had smeared most of it. He was sporting a fake lip ring and had spiked his hair to pull the entire look together.

“Oh, come on now. You know you look *sexy as hell*, G,” they come to stop outside their respective classrooms. Dream isn't dressed nearly as creatively – choosing to dress as a crappy workout dancer from the '80s clad in neon pink shorts and a matching headband.

“I think you're a little bias,” the flush still rises quickly to George's cheeks. There's a hickey just below his t-shirt neckline that they *both* know is just one bad move away from being exposed. Dream can't resist pressing his thumb into the mark, “*Ow!* Stop it.”

“Think we could play hooky and go back to bed?” He pulls the collar of George's shirt down slightly, brushes the mark with his thumb, and tries not to think about the previous night.

There's a smirk on George's face, "No, you know we can't." He backs Dream against the wall and leans up on his toes to kiss the taller man. It's short and sweet, but it's absolutely perfect, and Dream always feels drunk after each time they part. George presses his nose to the underside of Dream's jaw and lets out the happiest, most content sigh that's ever graced his ears.

"I don't wanna say goodbye to you yet."

"Keep your door open today," Dream requests, "Can't really say goodbye if I'm still in eyesight, right?" Their fingers tangle together, and he tries not to notice the slight size difference – the thought would haunt him for the rest of the day otherwise.

"Mm, I suppose you're right. Still not the same, I just wanna touch you," he slips a hand up Dream's shirt and they both giggle, parting nervously, "we're really going away with the guys this weekend, huh?"

"You committed us to it," Dream wheezes a laugh at the way George's face falls dejectedly. "It'll be fine, we'll probably get our own room. I'm sure we can sneak away, too. They never really question it when we do just 'us' things."

"Or we should just tell them so that they know *exactly* what we're doing when we sneak away and we'll get *more* alone time," a few teachers have started popping up in the hallway, each heading to their own classrooms. None of them pay much attention to Dream and George – they'd all been clued in on the blossoming relationship in more ways than the two men had.

"Why did I think you'd be more of a blushing virgin about this whole thing?"

George barks out a laugh that echoes down the empty hall, "Probably because I've refused to date anyone since meeting you," he teases, "but I've had my fair share of fun without you knowing." He pats Dream's chest and turns towards his class, lifts a hand, and wiggles his fingers in goodbye.

"Wait, wait what?"

"Bye *Dream*, see you at lunch."

"Hey, no *wait*," Dream huffs, props himself up on his doorframe, and tries not to stare for *too* long as George moves around his classroom. He steps across the hall, pops his head in, and says, "Hey."

George rolls his eyes, "*Dream*, classes start in like twenty minutes, *what* do you want?"

He corners the shorter man against a wall, "Just want you to know that you're ridiculous. Unpredictable in literally the worst ways sometimes."

"*Dream*. I have to get my class ready!" He giggles but loops his arms around the blonde's neck.

Dream pulls a smile, cups George's face, and says, "I just like watching you squirm. Under me. What was it that you said last night?" He leans forward, lips brushing the curve of George's ear, "*Oh, Dream, harder. Right there, you're so big. Don't stop. Harder. So good.*" He hears the audible gulp from George, "*So. Hot.*" He nibbles at George's earlobe and enjoys the way he can feel a rush of air rush by his neck as he melts into the wall.

Two hands suddenly push him away, "You can't do that! School starts in twenty minutes. The kids could've *seen*. We're setting rules when we get home, got it?" George glares, but the flush is evident on his cheeks- bright and pink and Dream *knows* it's spreading down his neck to his chest. Dream holds up his hands in defense and laughs when George follows it up by saying, "Besides, you weren't exactly *PG* either, Mister I-choked-when-I-gave-George-head-and-nearly-came-from-



that.”

They stare at each other for what feels like *hours*, their eyes trained on one another, smiles pulling at the corners of both of their lips. The teacher bell dings, signaling students will be arriving in a few minutes.

“See you later, baby,” He kisses George- soft and sweet and returns to his room. George watches him go, eyes soft as he murmurs *okay, baby*.

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Homecoming week always ends with a massive football game against their closest rivals. Dream, Karl, Quackity, and Sapnap love football. George tries to understand it but doesn’t ever really care too much because its ‘*clearly not as good as real football, guys.*’

The four of them are piled into George and Dream’s apartment – Sapnap is at the school with his team, pep-talking and running drills with the players in a musty gym locker-room. The apartment is slowly becoming an organized piece of chaos – Dream’s books are officially on shelves and the kitchen is *clean* which erases a lot of their anxiety. The living room is properly set up and the TV *works*, which they consider a win. This is the first time the guys have been over since they’ve made any progress at all, and if they notice that Dream’s room hasn’t been touched in twenty-four hours, neither of them comment.

A round of empty beer bottles lay in the sink to be rinsed and recycled later and three tubes of body paint are cracked open and spilling across the granite countertops. There’s a murmur of voices from outside where Karl and Quackity are sitting on patio furniture, sharing a blunt and drinking a beer. They’ve already dressed in the school’s colors and have painted stripes on their cheeks.

Dream had painted his own face, a silly fish design bridging across his nose for the *Celebration High School Mighty Sharks*. George is on top of the island, his legs dangling on either side of Dream’s thighs as he paints a giant shark from the top of the brunette’s temple to his lips, “*Stop moving, George. You’re gonna mess it up.*”

They giggle and George tries to remain still, bracing his hands on either side of Dream’s shoulders. He’s a little tipsy, but in a way that’s *probably* still socially acceptable for a teacher to attend a football game. The blonde carefully drags his finger across George’s cheek, the blue popping against his milky white skin.

“We’re gonna have to stay for the whole thing, huh?”

“Pretty sure, yeah. Sapnap being head coach kinda throws a wrench in our *leave right for the beach ASAP* plans, huh?” He wipes his hands on a wet paper towel and dries them, “There ya go, I think it looks great.”

George pulls his phone out and swipes the camera onto the screen – it’s a perfect shark with massive teeth and sharp, angular fins, “C’mere, get a picture with me.” They adjust and Dream hooks his chin over the brunette’s shoulder so that he’s in the picture.

“Our first picture as a couple,” he blurts and George stills, his finger absently clicking at the ‘capture’ button.

“Is that what we are?” There’s a hesitance in the man’s voice, one that Dream hates.

He cups his cheek, turns his head to catch his eye, and says with every ounce of love and absolute in his chest, “Yeah. We are.”

A smile breaks on George’s face and he surges forward, knocks a breath out of his chest as they kiss and giggle and appreciate every second they’ve waited to have *this*.

When they part, George asks, “Think we can stop acting like semi-rivals? I don’t wanna have to keep hiding this from our friends.”

“Are you sure? Our students will literally never let us hear the end of it.” It’s true – but something in Dream tells him that his students really won’t mind. They adore George, probably even more than they love Dream, and if he remembers anything from when he was growing up, there was nothing more exciting than having two teachers be in love. The drama was enough to keep school interesting.

“Well, at least they’re seniors. We’ve only gotta deal with it for like... six more months.”

“Okay.” Dream whispers, lips already chasing George’s for another kiss.

“Okay?” George presses a finger to his lips, lets out a giggle, and kisses him anyway.

“Okay.”

“Y’all sound like a sappy teen romance movie,” Quackity’s voice breaks their soft conversation, but he raises his empty bottle in their direction, “Was wondering when you two were gonna pull your heads out of your asses and get together.”

“I’m pretty sure Sap won the bet, though,” Karl remarks, pushes around his friend and heads to the kitchen to grab two more bottles, “Can y’all keep this quiet? If you go another three days, I’ll get the money.”

Dream flips them off and pulls George in for another kiss.

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They walk into the Celebration High School football game with matching smiles, their fingers looped and their friends surrounding them like bodyguards.

If any of the students notice, they don’t say anything.

Dream grew up hating homecoming – it had been lonely, filled with stupid dress-up days that no one participated in, and forced him to be surrounded by kids that just *didn’t* understand what it was like to be the *weird* kid.

He looks at George who is all smiles as he interacts with the teachers around him, probably laughing at a joke poking fun at the English department. Their eyes meet and George mouths a soft, subtle ‘*I love you.*’

Maybe Dream just needed to find his *home* in order to understand the true meaning behind *homecoming*.

## End Notes

Thank you all for reading! This is my first time writing and publishing a DNF fic and I hope you all enjoyed it!

Catch me on tumblr @disguisedvictories or twt @niiknap : )

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!